

145 THE
Way to be Wiser:
OR, A
LECTURE
FOR A
LIBERTINE.

With other Choice
LETTERS,
By the same Hand.

L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by *B. Brag* in *Ave-*
mary-Lane. 1705.

THE
Way to be Wise:
OR,
LECTURE
FOR A
FIBERTINE.
LETTERS
By the same Hand.



L O N D O N

Printed: And Sold by B. ...
... 1707.

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
Reader.

A Book, tho' never so small, without a Preface, looks as bald-fac'd as a Town-Lady without her Mask, and appears as much unarm'd as a Bully without his Sword: I have therefore thought my self oblig'd more for Fashion sake, than upon

iv The Preface.

any other Account, to adorn the following Letters with this accustomary piece of Formality; for a Modern Book that is not drest according to the common Mode, would look now-a-days as ridiculous as a young Physician in a Plush Coat, or an old Lady in her Pantuffle and Fardingales.

I cannot promise the Reader any scurrilous Invectives against the Church, or malicious Calumnies, to try the Patience of the Dissenters; nor would I have him expect any rebellious Venom spit in the Face of a Merciful Government, which ill Manners have been so much practis'd of late, that scarce any thing will please the Taste of the Town, but what has Malice and Impudence enough in it to bring the Author in Danger of a Pillory or Whipping-post: As for my part, I
am

The Preface. V

am so great an Enemy, both to publick Shame, and publick Punishment, that I shall scarce run the Hazard of bearing either to oblige any Body, and had much rather undergo the Character of so harmless a Pen-man, as not to have Wit enough to make Mischief, than to convince the World of my Parts, by affronting the Government, or Lampooning such Magistrates, who have Power enough to recompense the Abuse with the Smart of their Authority.

I could never make my self so fond a Father, as to speak much in the Praise of my own Progeny; therefore desire to be excus'd, that I do not tell you 'tis the prittiest, wittiest, dear Darling that ever was dug out of the Parsley-bed; but this I dare promise you, that tho' my Off-spring prove but a
homely

vi The Preface.

homely Cub, yet you will find, upon Examination, it has twenty Monkey Tricks to render it self deverting. So

Farewell.

Tom.

Tom. Brown's

LAST

LETTER

TO HIS

*Witty Friends and Companions.**Dear Friends and Companions,*

THE Muchworms of the World, who have always liv'd Miserably to die Wealthy, may afford to bequeath their Ill-got Sums to Charitable Uses, in hopes their directing Hospitals in their Wills to be built for a parcel of Crippled old Porters, and Super-annuated Basket-Women, will at the last Day make an Attonement for the cursed Sin of Covetousness, besides their Frauds in Trade, and lying Protestations daily practis'd behind their Counters: Such Money-

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loving miserly Curmudgeons, I say, may Illustrate their Exit with large Legacies to such Persons when they Die, that whilst they Liv'd, they would not have given Three Pence to have sav'd from Hanging. But I, in hopes to oblige my Friends after a more grateful Manner, have bequeath'd to them, as the last Token of my Kindness, no *Meander* Streams, or Barren Acres of *Pernassus*, but such good wholesome Advice and necessary Cautions, which if I had but always taken, as well as now given, I know not but I might have liv'd as great as a High Constable, or a Deputy Alderman; and when I had Died, been so prodigally Charitable, as to have out-built *Ask's* Folly, eclips'd *Sutton's* Glory, or done some remarkable Piece of penitential Extravagance, that would have perpetuated my Pious Simplicity to all succeeding Generations. Besides, Gentlemen, you may be assur'd, if I had Died worth a Bushel of Money, I would at least have left you half a Peck of *Memento Morri's* out of *Fauster-Lane*, to have adorn'd your little Fingers, and have put you in Mind over your extravagant Cups, that as soon as the King of Skelitons pleases,
you

you will have a worſe Reckoning to Pay than that at the Bar; but you all knew my Circumſtances, and how the Caſe ſtood, ſo I hope you will accept of ſuch a Legacy as I was able to leave you; for you know the old Proverb, *viz. You cannot have more of a Cat than her Skin*; therefore I beg you to not only receive, but obſerve the following Admonitions, and I queſtion not but I ſhall reſt in my Grave the better ſatiſfied, where neither importunate Dun, implacable Scribler, or impertinent *Phillis* can diſturb my Peace, or interrupt my Silence.

If you would have good Wine, and a great deal of Reſpect in a Tavern, uſe it but ſeldom, and beſure pay ready Money; for if you Wed your ſelf to a particular Houſe, or ſuffer your Name to ſully but one Page of their Bar-book, it makes the Maſter familiar, and the Drawers ſaucy: Beſides, it is a certain Maxim in their Politicks, *to impoſe moſt upon their beſt Customers, and always to treat them with the greateſt Reſpect that are their ſmalleſt Benefactors*. For the Devil and a Vintner are both of one Temper, and will not be indu-

strious to oblige the Persons they are sure of.

*Repenting Fools have oft confest,
That thriving Vintners make lean Guest ;
As they grow Rich, there's nothing surer,
Than that you Toapers prove the poorer.
Therefore whene'er they're saucy grown,
Complain not, for the Fault's your own :
'Tis Nonsense at their Pride to grumble,
Since you your selves may keep them hum-
Spend warily, and you will find (ble ;
Your selves more happy, them more kind.*

Whenever you have occasion to borrow Money, surprize the Lender with a sudden Importunity : For no Man will care to weaken his Pocket, that takes time to consider what it is he is doing. Never ask for more than you think may be easily spar'd ; for every Man but a Block-head will take care to keep the better part of his own to himself ; besides, few Men are such Fools to lighten another's Burthen by laying the Weight upon their own Shoulders ; for indeed who would be such an Ass as to carry another's Budget. Whenever you attempt to replenish your Pockets by this sort of Stratagem, one thing more you must

must be careful to observe, that is, besure
you mistake not your Man, least you
meet with the Wench's Misfortune, who
endeavouring thro' Simplicity to milk
a Bull, was only Piss'd upon for her Pains

*He that goes sneakingly to borrow,
And tells his wants With Care and Sor-
Is like to little better be, (row,
For Friendship flies from Povertie.
Dear honest Will won't care to trust
Insolvent Jack, tho' ne'er so Just;
But answer thus his poor Complaint,
I vow I wou'd, but that I can't.
Therefore observe this blunt Direction,
Whene'er you try your Friend's Affection:
Z—ds, Jack, mine's empty, I must borrow,
Bl—d, lend's a Guinea till to Morrow.
Attack him but in this bold way,
He'll scarce know how to say you Nay.*

Beware of Women, for you know they
are ticklish Commodities, and their Af-
fections as brittle as the China Ware
they delight in. If you chuse a Wo-
man for a Wife, take care she be neither
over Wise or over Handsom, for gene-
rally the more Beautiful they are, the
more Proud, and the more Witty, the
more Wicked; but above all, if ever you
venture

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venture to step into the Ecclesiastical Shackles, before you are well paid for wearing them, for you ought to consider they are much worse than *Newgate* Fetters, for the Mercenary Cerberus that rivets on those, for a little Greasing in the Fist, will knock them off again : But the other are lock'd on so confoundedly fast, that nothing but Death or Adultery can release the Prisoner from his Confinement ; therefore I advise ye to look very warily before you leap into this Thicket of Brambles, Wedlock, least you soon find Cause to praise Matrimony with Tears in your Eyes, as Men do Mustard. If you have a mind to escape Cuckoldom, never let your Wife go to Church by her self, for Lust and Devotion are as often Companions at Church, as Religion and Bawdy are over a Bottle at the Tavern : Leave no Man at Home to Play at Cards with her whilst you step to the Coffee-House to Read the News ; for remember the Business of Cuckold-making is always done with a Jirk. In the Choice of a Mistress, shun flabby Flesh as you would Rats-bane or the Devil, for be assur'd she has Whor'd away her Youth, Pox'd away her Health, and Flux'd away

away her Substance; whatever you do, corrupt not the Innocent, or deflower Virginity, for tho' you may think it a sweet Nut to Crack, yet it's ten to one but you will find the Devil in the Kernel, perhaps in the first place a Child, in the next place the Plague of the Parish, in the third place the Noise of her Relations, and in the last place the Curses of her self, which Bundle of Torments, I would advise you to avoid as carefully as a suffering Fornicator would Pepper and Vinegar, or a Strumpet the Clutches of a Reforming Constable. If *Dr. Butler* like, you have not the Gift of Continnence, and the Label of Mortality, for want of humbling the Flesh in due Season, begins to turn Stargazer, venture half a Crown upon his Head, like a bold Gamster, and match your Cock with the next fair Sports-Woman you meet, for it is better to manfully run the Hazard of a Surgeon, than it is to fall into the Hands of a Couple of Capon-eating Church-wardens, and a pragmatrical Constable.

*If any will not be forewarn'd,
But run the Risk of being Horn'd,*

Ne'er let him Wed because she's Comley,
 But chuse a Rich one, tho' she's Homley;
 Then if she proves Slut, Whore, or Scold,
 Perverse, Rebellious, Ugly, Old,
 Or any other Plague that's worse,
 Her Coin will Counterpoise the Curse:
 But if you Wed with Bag-less Beauty,
 In hopes she'll prove both kind and true
 And 'tis your Fortune to be Poor, (i.e.,
 You're then a Cuckold to be sure;
 For do but see what Charming Witches,
 When low in Purse, by Men of Riches }
 Are daily tempted to be Bi—bes. }
 And you may easily judge from thence,
 Poor Beauty can't resist the Pence:
 The Golden Dart, will surely Wound her
 And Knock her flat down as a Flounder:
 The Youthful and the Fair for Gold,
 Will Hug the Ugly and the Old;
 Bed with Distemper'd Men of Title,
 Whose frozen Limbs can do but little;
 Use all their subtle Charming Arts
 To please their Age and win their Hearts;
 Stroke with warm Hand the Part affected,
 To make what's pendant stand erected,
 Do any thing to Coax the Toney
 For that prevailing Evil Money:
 Therefore if Rich you chance to prove,
 Your Gold will Purchase Female Love;
 Then who to one would be confin'd,

That

*That may command all Women-kind.
 And if you're Poor; it's ten to one,
 But if you Wed, you're worse undone.
 Therefore be whatsoe'er your Station,
 Don't Marry but with wondrous Caution.
 For who, methinks, except a Novice,
 Would Wed a Wife, tho' fair as Goddesses, }
 That may have almost any Bodies.*

Whenever you have Money in your Pockets, that you dedicate to the Use of *Bacchus's* Vicegerents, besure you take care to spend it in good Company: Men of Wit, are both diverting and informing; and Wine better worth Half a Crown a Quart in an Edifying Conversation, than Twelve-pence a Gallon in a dull Cabal of stupify'd Mechanicks. Never keep a Fool Company at your own Expence, or suffer your selves to be plagu'd with his troublesom Impertinence, except he treats ye; for he has no way of discerning your Merits but thro' his own Folly, and the greater Bubble he finds you make him, the more he will extol you for Men of Ingenuity. If a spunging Friend is apt to be too burthensom to you Pocket, every time you see him, complain first of your own Deficiency, and you will find it a ready way to get rid of him,

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You

You that are Men of Wit and Fortune, should always stand fast one by another, and never rail behind one another's Backs, except it be at one that has got the Start of you ; and then if he shuts his Fist against your humble Requests, cry him down for a Blockhead, ridicule every thing he writes, as we did Prince *Arthur*, that the World may see neither Knights or Nigards will be allow'd by Criticks to be the true Sons of *Appollo*, for tho' they once were, yet they forfeit their Adoption by the Change of their Condition, as Alms-Men do their Pensions when they lay aside their Badges. For Poets ought to be poor, and those that disdain the Station, can have no true Title to the Honour upon the Initiation of a new Brother just come from the University ; make him but a Journeyman to your Society, till he has spent his Patrimoney ; that is, do you make his Pains your Profit, and suffer nothing to be entirely his own, without your Perusal and Correction, that if the Whim takes, the Reputation may be yours ; but if the Darling dies an Abortive, let the Blame fall upon the Parent ; and when he has spent all in
the

the Service of the Muses, give him a Character for his Wit, and let him go a Begging for himself in *Apollo's* Name among the Bountiful *Mecænas's*. Whenever you Dedicate a Book, pick out a generous Fool for a Patron, and the less Merit he has, besure the more you flatter him; for the more Vertues you ascribe to him, that has none, and the mote you magnify his Wit, that has but little, the more he will think himself oblig'd to you for your Kindness, and will certainly reward your Labours with the more liberal Gratuity. Talk soberly and sparingly among Wise Men, vainly and viciously among Beaus and Block-heads, wittily and warily among the Chearful and Facetious, respectfully and pleasantly among the Female Sex, and merrily and loosely among your own Fraternity, and you need not doubt but all Parties will be pleas'd with your Company.

*Where Learning, Wit, and Money, meet,
It does a happy Man compleat.
But he that is of two possesst,
And is not with the other blest,
Is often forc'd, in time of Need,
To truckle to an empty Head:*

For it has long since been agreed on,
 Wit's but a barren Soil to feed on:
 Altho' it very oft produces
 Both useful Flatteries and Abuses,
 Such as may even touch the Senses
 Of mighty Heroes, Kings, and Princes;
 Yet what the Author chiefly gains,
 To Crown his meritorious Pains
 In this fine Poem, that Translation
 Is little more than Commendation:
 As if a Wit was thought a Creature
 Of so refin'd a God-like Nature,
 That needed no Terrestrial Food
 To fill his Veins with common Blood;
 But could maintain his Guts in Quiet
 With vain Applause, that airy Diet.
 But Wits can't find, for all their Cunning,
 That Cooks will treat 'em for their Pun-
 Or that a Vintner's so possess (ning;
 To swap a Bottle for a Jest:
 Nay, the Town-Miss will prove more willing
 To yield her Favours for a Shilling,
 Than exercise her pleasing Trade
 For the best Distick ever made.
 Since Money most Men thus bewitches,
 And every Blockhead aims at Riches,
 Let me entreat you to be Wiser,
 And listen to your good Adviser.
 Doat not on Charming Female Objects,
 Nor wast your Wits on trifling Subjects;
 But

But excercise your pregnant Brains
 On Themes more worthy of your Pains;
 That every Poem you devise,
 May instruct Fools, and please the Wise;
 To shew Britannia's Sons inherit
 The Old Poetick Roman Spirit.

No more Sing forth Pedantick Lays
 In some dub'd Sherriff's paultry Praise,
 And fawn and scrape to Coax the Ninny,
 Perhaps, but out of one poor Guinea;
 Nor with a Scrawl of Bombast wait
 On London's bulky Magistrate,
 To welcome some old doating May'r
 Into his Lordly Elbow Chair;
 Who, if he see's you're mighty humble,
 In's Pocket then begins to fumble,
 And drops a Scandal to the Giver,
 That should be scorn'd by the Receiver.
 But Wits too oft have heard it said,
 Half a Loaf's better than no Bread.

Descend not to so low a Pitch,
 To flatter Fools, because they're Rich;
 Nor rattle forth Ten Thousand Lies,
 To make a Blockhead think he's Wise.
 But Sing of Mighty Kings and Heroes,
 Of Cæsars, Pompeys, and of Neroes;
 And Grace your Poems, and your Books,
 With Eugenes, Malboroughs, and Rooks;
 And

*And when the Loud-mouth'd Hawkers
 cry 'em,
 Gentle and Simple both will buy 'em :
 Then ev'ry Bookseller would thrive,
 And Authors make a Shift to Live.
 You'd find it would be better far
 Than Scoring here, and Spunging there ;
 Or vainly lavishing your Wit,
 To please some Blockhead for a Treat.
 Ne'er cast your Pearl before such Swine,
 On Free-cost to Carouse or Dine :
 Scatter no Flirts, when o'er your Glasses,
 To please a Pack of Brainless Asses ;
 Nor for their Golden Ears adore 'em ;
 So yours in *Soecula Soeculorum*.*

*From a Gentleman in London, to a
 Friend in the Countrey.*

S I R,

THE Knowledge I have of your
 Temper, assures me nothing can
 entertain your Curiosity with a more
 acceptable Collation, than an Account
 of the present State and Condition of
 our Bulky *Metropolis*, the Town,
 which in all Ages has been allow'd to
 be

be the very Epitome of the Universe ; wherein the various Actions of the World are more narrowly contracted, and where the darkeſt *Arcana's*, both of Church and State, are made the common Subjects of every Blockhead's Tittle-tattle.

Our Forreign Wars are here moſt lively represented by our Domeſtick Differences, which are ſo zealouſly carry'd on in every Coffee-house and Tavern, that whoſoever ventures to ſit down among half a Dozen Gray-headed Citizens, is ſure to have his Ears Sirring'd with as many falſe Reports as Malice can invent, or her Lying Ladyſhip *Fame* blow into the Credulous World thro' her Braſen Trumpet. News is the general Topick of all publick Diſcourſe, and we have every Day ſome politick Impoſition or other projected by contending Parties, in order to ſeduce Fools, and make them malicious Instruments of their Baſe Deſigns, and Diabolical Practices. Strang Tidings in abundance, ſome falſe, ſome true, flow down with a haſty Current from the States-man's Table, to the Cobler's Cottage, that the poor Soul can ſcarce eat his Porridge in a Morning, till he
has

has enquir'd what News from the Duke of *M——gb.* The illiterate Porter cannot rest quietly on a *Gazette* Day at a Street Corner, with his Knot upon his Shoulder, till he has clubb'd his Farthing with three more of his Brethren, to buy the News, which is laudibly blunder'd over, upon an Ale-house Bench, by some more Learned Lick-spiggot, to the great Satisfaction of the listening Fraternity.

Politicians in all parts of the Town, are grown as numerous as Hackney-Writers, and Solicitors in *Chancery-Lane*; infomuch, that every City-lobcock, that has not Conduct enough to keep the Horn-plague out of his Family, will pretend publickly in Coffe-houses to direct the State, over their Ninny-Broth, and make it as facile a thing to take the *French* King by the Whiskers, as it was for *St. Dunstan* to take the Devil by the Nose with his consecrated *Forceps*: If a divided Kingdom cannot stand, sure *England* must be but in a tottering Condition; for let Providence Bless us with what Success soever, it pleases but one half of the Nation, and displeases t' other. Backbiting and Slandering, are become as
Epide-

Epidemical Evils, as Fornication and Adultery, and indeed, are as highly in Esteem among the Low-Church, as if they were Cardinal-Virtues. The whole Town is over-flow'd with such an Inundation of News-Papers, that one half of the Coffee-houses are almost beggar'd by receiving them. Publishers are grown so Rich, that their full Bags, as well as Books, lye pil'd up, like Sacks in a Meal-shop; and Mercuries are become so very Prodigal, that they generally take Coach to disperse their Pamphlets; the very Hawkers of late have so mended their Circumstances, that they Cry their News in *Spanish*-Leather Pumps and Silk Stockens, and scorn to Drink any thing worse than Right *French*-Brandy for a Morning's Draught, and good Clarret to their Dinners: In short, all People concern'd in News, thrive in this inquisitive Age, like Swine upon Acorns, except some Coffee-men, who are forc'd to spend more Money every Week in Paper, than they can afford out of their small Takings to keep their Families in Necessaries. This Itch after News, has so universally spread it self, that People cannot even at Church, forbear enquiring after it; and their

D Teach.

Teachers, in a time of Scarcity, are forc'd to tell them some in their Pulpits, that their Congregations may depart the better satisfied. As I was one Day sitting in a Coffee-house near *St. Martins-le-Grand*, a Pragmatical Shoemaker coming into the Room, set himself down at a Table opposite to a Gentleman, who appear'd by his Garb, to be some Considerable Officer: *What News, Sir*, says the Shoemaker, *you look like a Man of Intelligence ? I tell thee this for true News*, says the Gentleman, *that if thou troublest me with such another impertinent Question, I shall Cane thee for thy Saufiness.* Lord, Sir, crys another that sat by, *that would be no News at all, for I have seen him serv'd so half a dozen times in a Week.*

I only Instance this Story to let you see how every Blockheadly Hound is so apt to run a News-hunting, that a reserv'd Man shall be worse punished in a Coffee-house, than a Bashful God-Father among Twenty Gossips at a Christening. Old Fools shall be begging you to read to 'em, because your Eyes are younger ; and young Fools asking your Opinion, because as you are older, they will think you wiser ; so that no
Body

Body can come where the News-mongers Rendezvous, but he must be plagu'd with their Impertinence, and either read to please them, or give his serious Attention when they read, and report something that's ridiculous or strange, to amuse them, or else be amus'd by their strange or ridiculous Reports. Whatsoever pleases the Church, the Dissenters knit their Brows at, and whatsoever pleases the Dissenters, the Church has little Reason to rejoyce at. Thus, like *Heraclitus* and *Democrates*, one Side is always laughing, and the other sorrowful. *What News, Brother Sweep*, is become the Chimney-Sweeper's Salutation, when he meets with another of the Sooty Fraternity; and scarce a *Spittle-Fields* Weaver, that gets seven Shillings a Week to maintain a Wife and half a dozen Children, but what, forsooth, must neglect his Business two Hours in a Day to step into some Hedge Coffee-house to read the News-Papers. Every Scoundrel is grown so saucy, that he shall have plain *M-----* in his Month upon every turn, without his Title, as if he had been taught by the Dissenters to Undignify the Peers of the Realm, as well

as to Unfaint the Apostles. The main Enquiry upon *Change*, is now, *What News?* instead of, *How goes Trade?* and the chief Business when they meet, is, to lay their Brow-Antlets together, and hatch false Reports, to propagate the Interest of their Parties. Besides abundance of Fanatical Hot-spurs, who are for Railing all honest Men out of their Employments, to make room for their own Hippocrites to succeed them, we have such an ungovernable Number of scribbling Asserters of the Peoples Liberties, who couch so much Villany under their honest Pretensions, that a discerning Judgment would imagine from their Writings, they were endeavouring to make Tyrants of one half of the Nation, in order to enslave the other. Here are many Designs in Agitation, and Wise Men are apt to think, more than are good; but it is hop'd in a little time, the Projectors will be justly rewarded, and that it will be thought necessary by the Nation's Physicians, that their Scurrilous Advocates, for all their Wit, should at last be cut for the Simples. In short, the Nation is so strangely divided and corrupted, that it is almost as dangerous for a Man to
speak

speak up for the Church of *England* in
 publick Company, as it is for a Man to
 praise the Vertue and the Beauty of one
 absent Woman in the Presence of several
 others; for it is ten to one but you
 will be talk'd into a Frensy, and hear a-
 bundance of more Faults ascrib'd to both,
 than either are deserving of; the Malice
 of Men, as well as Women, being both
 such, they will scarce give you leave to
 speak in the Praise of God Almighty
 after any other manner than they them-
 selves shall approve on. We have so
 many Paths to Heaven, which have been
 lately cut out by the *Act of Tolleration*,
 that the main Quarrel amongst us,
 seems to be about, which is the nearest
 way; but if the Truth were known, I
 believe our Contentions would appear
 with another Face, and prove to be
 rather about the Felicity of this World,
 than the Happiness of the next. The
 common People are so desperately con-
 founded in Matters of Religion, that it
 is become their Ale-house Talk, much
 more than their Practice; and their De-
 votion is more shewn in Railing at the
 Discipline of another Community, than
 in keeping up to their own. Abun-
 dance of Wolves are crept into Sheeps
 Clothing,

Clothing, but by a Learned Gentleman they have been so well strip'd of late, that they are pretty well known by this time, notwithstanding their Disguises. The Success over our Enemies abroad, have been no little Disheartening to those at home, who were in great Hopes of a new Ministry, and a new Parliament, had not the Conduct of the Present put a full Stop to their intended Clamours, which I hope will be always punish'd for the future, instead of listen'd to. In short, the unreasonable Ambition of some dissatisfied Persons, have put the Nation into such Confusion, that nothing but the Wisdom of so good a Government as we are now under, would be able to reduce us into a peaceful Unity ; and let Mens Pretensions be what they will, our Corruptions and Divisions, are chiefly owing to the inordinate Desires of some unreasonable Persons,

*When Babel's Tow'r was rais'd so high,
It almost touch'd the very Sky,
To save old Noah's Sons and Daughters
From Drowning in Tempestuous Waters ;
The Gods displeas'd with their Invention,
Thought fit to spoil their good Intention ;
That*

That Human Ignorance might see
 No Project a Defence could be
 For Man's poor, weak and wicked Nature,
 Against the Wrath of the Creator ;
 Who with an angry Eye beholding
 Their foolish and presumptions Building,
 At once confounded in a trice
 Their Tongues, as well as their Device,
 That no Man's Meaning truly cou'd
 Be by his Gaping, understood ;
 But ev'ry one was plagu'd to find
 The Intention of another's Mind,
 And what he honestly design'd.

Methinks this Age thro' strange Delusi-
 Is fall'n into the like Confusion ; (on,
 For tho' Relation, Friend, and Neigh-
 bour,
 Walk Cheek by Jole, and Talk and Fab-
 ber,

And with their Tongues keep such a Po-
 Yet no Man understands another : (ther,
 For since Plain-dealing's out of Fashion,
 And Knavery o'erflows the Nation,
 Each Man to be the more secure,
 Is building to himself a Tow'r,
 With Bags, not Brick, in hopes by Stealth,
 To Climb near Heav'n upon his Wealth.
 For Money, I'll be bold to say't,
 Tho' 'tis a Matter of great Weight,

May

• May in Tempestuous Times hereafter,
Keep a Man's Head above the Water :
This makes the Great, such sordid Wretch-

es,
To build their Hopes upon their Riches,
Because, like Babel's Fools, they're
thinking

'Twill save them in a Storm from sinking;
When Love of Gold's the only thing
That does Mankind's Confusion bring :
For Money is the Root of Evil,
That steers us headlong to the Devil.
The Man is bad that does abuse it,
And he's much worse that will not use it ;
That is, in Case he has good store,
And will not spend, but covet more.

Tho' many do the Dross condemn,
Yet all Mankind at Riches aim.
'Tis Money makes us all contend,
And Friend so Jealous of his Friend.
That no Man is so just and free,
To let his Tongue and Heart agree;
But when he talks, tho' to his Brother,
He says one thing, and means another.
'Tis only Int'rest that confounds us,
And with a Thousand Plagues, sur-
rounds us ;
Nay, makes us of so Vile a Nature,
We dare not trust our Fellow-Creature,
Lest

I have not seen one of mine

*Lest he betrays or undermines
 Our Mighty Hopes and Great Designs ;
 By which we do expect, (God Bless us)
 In time, to be as Rich as Crassus.
 These Fears and Jealousies, God knows,
 That oft beget ill Words and Blows,
 Have so bewitch'd both Good and Bad,
 The Wise, the Merry, and the Sad ;
 And spread their Poyson thro' the Nation,
 'Mong Knaves and Foolls in e'ery Station,
 From the Court Noble, to the Rabble,
 That we are worse confus'd than Babel.*

*From a Reserv'd Gentleman in the
 Country, to an Extravagant
 Kinsman in Town.*

Dear Cousin,

THE Duty of a near Relation, to-
 gether with a serious Considera-
 on of your future Welfare, have press'd
 me to take this Freedom, in hopes to
 reclaim you from those Liberties, which
 I hear, if you continue in the Practice
 of much longer, will certainly effect
 your utter Ruin. Your Father, I am sen-
 sible, took care in his Life-time to bless

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you

you with a liberal Education becoming a Person of your natural Wit, and a Gentleman who had the Happiness to be Born of not only so Ancient, but so Eminent a Family. What strange Delusions could hurry away a Man of your Parts into so vicious a Course of Life, as I am truly inform'd you now lead, I cannot possibly imagine. Therefore, before you are too far degenerated from the Principles of Honour and true Vertue, I beg of you to take the following Reflections into your early Consideration, and suffer not your self to be so irrecoverably lost, as to become an indigent Spendthrift, despicable in the Eyes of the World, burthensome to your self, scandalous to your Family, odious to all sober Conversation, and ridiculous to those very Jilts and Sycophants that have hugg'd and flatter'd you to our own Ruin.

Your Father, when he Died, left you large Possessions, free of all Incumbrances; therefore pray consider with your self, how wretched a thing it is, for a Man to foolishly imbezle such a plentiful Patrimony in pursuit of those abominable Vices, which are certainly attended,

attended, if continued, with Shame, Poverty, and Distemper, that do not only make Life burthensome, but Death terrible: And how miserable must the State of that Man be, who when he is past the Happiness of this World, has not so much as the reasonable Hopes of a future Felicity left him for his Comforter, but is forc'd to swallow down the nauseous Dregs of a painfull Life, mingled with the bitter Remains of a doubtful Repentance?

In the first place, I hear you are so bewitch'd to the Bottle, that it is as hard a matter to draw you out of a Tavern till you are Drunk, as it is to lug a Dissenter to Church, or a Quaker to the Play-house; and that the Follies you commit in your Liquor, are so very extravagant, that a *Don-John* of *Austria* would blush to see you in your vain Excesses, and acknowledge himself in Comparison of you, but a meer Strippling of a Libertine.

But remember, Dear Youth, in the soberest of thy Intervals, that Drunkenness is a loathsome Vice, that extinguishes the Light of Reason, and turns the Image of the Creator into a dangerous Brute; leaves him destitute of all

those Heavenly Gifts, by which he is distinguish'd from God's meaner Creatures, and renders him only fit Company for that Herd of Swine which the Devil once distracted. Children fly a Drunkard as they would a Monster, and sober Men shun him in his Cups, as they would a raving Mad-man: Dogs bark at him as a common Enemy, and Watch-men, who are the very Dregs of Human Race, to shew their Aversion to Ebriety, disdain to be Civil to him: The Vintner that gets by him, is glad to be rid of him; and the very Flatterer that sponges on him, will rather spend his own Money in sober Company, than Humour him in his Drunken Frolicks for the sake of an extravagant Treat, but leave him in his Cups expos'd to the Freaks and Whimsies of his own ridiculous Intemperance. Whores Jilt him; Sharpers bubble him; Drawers cheat him; Choachmen impose upon him; In short, he is so disarm'd of his Senses, that he knows not what he does himself, or what others do unto him; besides, is so strangely Metamorphis'd, both in Person and Temper, that his Looks are pale and languid, as if Death had

had seiz'd him, and his Actions as irregular and wild, as if the Devil had possesst him: His Joints are as feeble as a Rickety Infant's, he staggers as he walks, and jostles every thing he meets; falters in his Speech, like a Stammering Changeling, and pumps up more unfavory Belches, than a *Dutch* Skipper over-charg'd with *Burgoo*, running Post hast to his Brandy-bottle; neither is he fit Company for any Body but a *Bedlamite*, or a fit Bed-fellow for any Body but a Beast; nor ought he to be admitted to any other Lodging, than a Stable or a Hog-sty, where he may Battle in his own Filth, without damaging those costly Necessaries which he is unworthy of the Use of. °

In the next place, I hear you are grown such a Fury at the Petticoats, that scarce a Tavern Sweaty Cook-wench, or Draggel-Tail Oyfter-whore, can fall opportunely in your way, but you are ready to run the Hazard of Fathering some Drawer's Bastard, and proving there is no Wisdom beneath the Wastband of the Breeches; and that you are as well known by the Play-House, *Seraglio*, and at all the Bawdy-

Bawdy-Houses in the Town, as an old Offender is at *Newgate* or the *Old-Baily*.

You may be assur'd your Relations cannot, without the deepest Concern imaginable, hear that a Gentleman of your Qualifications, Comly Stature and Deportment, should dishonour your self and your Family after so odious a manner, as to exhaust your youthful Vigour in the treacherous Embraces of a parcel of common Strumpets, who have neither Gratitude enough to value any Man, but for their own Interest, nor Modesty enough to refuse the meanest Scoundrel their infectious Favours, that can but bribe their Mercenary Fists with a prevailing Shilling. Would not a Man of Worth and Honesty, disdain to mix with Bullies, Thieves, and Pick-pockets; or scorn to glut upon the Scraps or Refuse of inordinate and scandalous Rascals? How then can you so basely submit, as to suck up the loathsome Dregs of every Pimp and Pander's Vices, and hazard the Imbibing of such poysonous Filth that may destroy your Health, and ulcerate your Limbs after so miserable a manner, that you may become a nauseous Spectacle

acle to all Mankind, punish'd beyond
Help with the terrible Effects of your
sad Debauches ?

If you have not the Gift of Conti-
nence, single out a Woman from the
Fair Sex that you can think worthy
of your Affections ; let her be eminent
for her Vertues, and of a good Family,
tho' her Portion be inferiour to your
own Fortune ; and rather venture to
Marry, than hazard your Health a-
mong a parcel of Lascivious Harlots,
who value not who they injure.

I have had the Experience of a Mar-
ried State, and can assure you, a good
Wife is able to make it a great Happi-
ness. Let not other Mens Misfortunes
fright you from engaging in it ; *for the
Bear is not so ugly as it is sometimes
painted* : I have always found my
Wife, notwithstanding the mistaken
Notions of some Libertines, upon all
occasions, my truest Friend, and most
faithful Confident, and have always
thought my Children the greatest Blef-
sings of my Life : Therefore let me
advise you to Marry carefully, and you
may Live happily ; and withdraw your
self

self betimes from that sinful Course that will certainly make you miserable.

In the third place, I hear you are a great Gamster, and take as much Satisfaction in hazarding your Money, as some Men do in securing it. Heavens be prais'd, you have enough already, if you would manage it but prudently: Pray therefore consider how ridiculous an Indiscretion you are guilty of, when you hazard that which you cannot be without, in hopes to win that which you have no occasion for; the odds against you are so great, that if you loose your Patrimony, you are certainly undone; and should you double it, you could not be more happy than now you may be; *for enough is as good as a Feast*; and I am confident, no Gentleman of your Quality can in Reason desire a more plentiful Fortune than you are already possess'd of; and would you be but content to live within the Bounds of Moderation, were you ambitious of growing Richer, your Estate would improve it self without the least Hazard. Why therefore will you trust your Substance in the Power of the Dice, who are never constant to any
Man

Man but the Rascally Sharper, who uses them with Advantage? Whatever you do, trust not *Fortune* with your Wealth, for if you do, some time or other you will surely find her a Jilt. An Itch after Play, is the Effect of a covetous Humour; and Covetousness is the Root of all Evil. Consider Gaming, besides the Ruin of a Man's Fortune, is attended with many dangerous Vices and Inconveniences. Every Man's Anger, when he looses, is in proportion to his Desire of winning; and he that sollicit *Fortune* with the greatest Eagerness, is always most vex'd when he meets with a Disappointment. How common is it to see a loosing Gambler biting his Nails, and raving like a Mad-man, tho' perhaps his own Hand threw the Cast that has occasion'd his Passion: Therefore, has he not more Reason to Curse himself for a Fool, than *Fortune* for a B—ch? for 'tis by trusting to her Kindness, that you give it into her Power to deceive you. Therefore the only way to master her, is, not to court her, and the best way to prevent her Frowns, is, not to covet her Smiles.

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To

To make your self a compleat Libertine, I hear you are also become an absolute Master of that Diabolical Science, Swearing, and can grace a Bawdy Story, or illustrate a profane Saying, with as fashionable an Oath as e'er an Atheist in *Christendom*. How Beaus and Blockheads came at first to affect this Infernal piece of sinful Prodigality, is not sure in the Power of Human Nature to imagine. Other Sins have their Temptations, and carry along with them either Profit or Delight; but this fantastical Misusage of the Devil's Jargon, is a Vice so unaccountable, that the wittiest Profligate in the World, is unable to defend it with one tollerable Argument; it is a Sin that is neither pleasant to him that uses it, nor him that hears it; nor can it possibly conduce to any Body's Interest, except the Devil's. Indeed I am ashamed to hear a Gentleman of your Sense and Education, should, amongst the rest of your Vices, contract so senseless and so wicked a Habit, that is even scandalous in a Porter. Wise Men turn their Ears from the ingrateful Sound, and all Men of Modesty and good Manners, shun the Damning Reprobate, as they
would

would Infection : Besides, a common Swearer has always the Reputation of a common Liar ; for no Man certainly that values what he says, would ever give his Tongue so odious a Liberty, that renders him a perfect Bugbear to the Generality of Mankind, and frights all well-bred Persons of both Sexes from coming into his Company : Therefore pray, dear Kinsman, let me beg you for the future, to keep so strict a Guard upon that unruly Member the Tongue, that by a ridiculous Use of those abominable Habits, *viz.* Swearing and Profane Talk, you may not render yourself obnoxious to all Civil Societies, but avoid all Companies where you hear them practis'd ; for remember *it is evil Communication that corrupts good Manners.*

Would you once but Marry, and come and experience the Satisfaction of a Country Life, I am confident it would soon work such an Alteration in you Temper, that you would look back with such Contempt upon your present Practices, as would satisfy the World you reflected on your past Follies with as commendable an Abhorrence, and as perfect a Repentance, as did

the Wise *Solomon*, when he cry'd, *All was Vanity and Vexation of Spirit*: Therefore let me entreat you to raise your Head above the Surface of those vain Delights, in which you are now drowning, that so worthy a Personage may not perish in Sensuality, to the Distraction of your Friends, and to your own Eternal Misery. But let my serious Admonitions so induce you to recollect your self, and consider how dangerous a Road it is you are now travelling, which terminates at so dark and dreadful a Precipice, that will trapan you headlong into utter Destruction. Therefore, dear Kinsman, for the Love of Heaven, your self, and your Relations, deliberate a little upon the unhappy Course you are now steering, that you do not plunge your self into those dangerous Gulphs, from whence there is no returning. Pray let me hear as early as you please, your Sentiments of the good Advice I have here given you, and you will oblige your aged and affectionate Uncle to always remain the most faithful of your Friends.

T. G.

Postscript.

Postscript.

DEAR Youth, didst thou, by sweet
Experience, know
The peaceful Pleasures that from Vertue
flow ;

From her delightful Paths, you'd never
stray,

But trace her Foot-steps, and her Rules
obey.

Vertue the Soul from Perturbation frees,
And makes Man bear the painfull'st Fate
with Ease :

It cheers the Body, and delights the Mind,
And yields us all we can desire to find :
It palliates Grief, and softens all our Toils ;
Makes Fortune's Frowns as welcome as
her Smiles.

By Vertue, Satan's Pow'r we overthrow ;
It upwards leads, and blesses us below.

Vertue, the worst Misfortune soon removes,
And the best Friend in our Affliction proves ;
Keeps us whilst Living in a prosp'rous way,
And bears us Witness at the last Great
Day ;

Whilst Vice begets, 'twixt Soul and Bo-
dy, Strife,

And is the Bane of Peace, and Curse of
Life.
From

*From her foul muddy Springs, such Plagues
arise,*

*That no Pandora's Box could equalize.
It maims our Bodies, and our Wealth decays,
And punishes our Minds ten Thousand ways.
It stifles Reason, Reputation stains,
And for short Pleasures, gives us tedious
Pains.*

*Its Front looks charming, but the dread-
ful Rear
Makes Life a Burthen, and our Death
severe.*

*In the next World, 'twill our Accuser be,
And rob us of a Blest Eternitie.*

*Who then would derogate from Vertue's
Rule,*

To be an Amorous Beau, or Drunken Fool?

*The young Libertine's Answer to
his Uncle.*

Worthy Sir,

I Must confess I read your Evangelical
Epistle, with about as much Satis-
faction as ever I did a Sermon, and can-
not but believe you have been at the
Expence of employing some superannu-
ated

ated Spintext, to rattle off your poor Nephew for taking a little Juvenile Recreation. I am very ready to acknowledge you have oblig'd me with one of the most precise Satyrs against Drinking, Whoring, Gaming, and Swearing, that ever I met with in my Life; and if ever I live to find the Consequences of 'em, by Experience, to be as bad as you have reported, I will leave 'em off as you have done, and rail as heartily against 'em: But till then, I shall never be able to Drink Small Beer, as you do, for my Evening's Draught, and go to Bed by Nine a Clock at Night, in order to get up early enough to see the Sun rise the next Morning. Midnight, amongst Men that rightly understand the Delights of the Bottle, has been always approv'd as the only Season to Celebrate our *Bacchinals*; for nothing but Wedlock, and the Cares of the World, as I imagine, can drag a Man to his Pillow, when he has no Inclination to Sleep. If I live to be Old and Crafy, I know my Body will require less Drink and more Rest; but by *Bacchus's* Rummer, as long as I am vigorous and youthful, I cou'd no more spend a Might without a dear *Phillis* in my Arms, or a Draw-

er at my Elbow, than I could fit an Afternoon at Church without Sleeping, or an Evening at the Play-house without prattling to a Punk; for I assure you, Sir, I find such incomparable Qualities contain'd in good Claret, that it makes me as Wise as a *Solomon*, as strong as a *Sampson*, as Stout as a *Hercules*, and as Great as a King, and withal so very kind and obliging to the Female Sex, that in short, a Man cannot be any thing that is truly Brave and Generous without it. If you were but to compare one of us Fuddle-Caps in our Airs, to one of your precise Small Beer Sollitudinarians, you would find one would appear with the Majesty of an Emperor, and the other with the sneaking Humility of a Slave; therefore what penitential Sinner, that has but the Spirit of a Cobler, would renounce brisk Claret, if he could but come at it, for the impalitable Juice of nasty Hops and Grains, that is fit for nothing but to make a Man's Head a Block, and his A---s a Trumpet?

You seem, Sir, also to be very angry that I give my self the Liberty of Scattering a few loose Corns amongst the Ladies. I protest, Sir, if you were
but

but to see what a parcel of Angelical dear Creatures we have about the Town, none of them above the Purchase of half an Ounce of Silver; I dare swear you would think half a Crown could not be better spent, than in procuring their Favours: They are such pretty, witty, arch, obliging Company, that they will Jest with you, play with you, kiss you, tickle you, or be Drunk with you, or do any thing to please you, that a Man in Modesty can desire of 'em; nay, if you strain a Point, they'll not be angry with you, but stand as quietly as your bald-fac'd Cow when the Bull's upon the Back of her; and who do you think, that has Money to spare, can forbear flinging away a little of it in such winning Conversation? besides, the more I keep them Company, the better I shall understand the Temper of the Female Sex, and know the better how to deal with a Woman, if ever it should be my Fortune to be plagu'd with one; that is, to be Wedded to one, I mean, which you are so kind to advise me to in all haste. I thank you, Sir, for your good Counsel, but I think I shall scarce Marry; not so mad neither, (as a *Bedla-*

mite reply'd to a Gentleman, who ask'd him, why he did not Marry the Woman he had run Distracted for) unless there was a Law made, that a Man might have as many Wives as *Solomon*; and then too perhaps he would have some Difficulty to meet with one good one amongst 'em, notwithstanding the Largeness of their Number: Therefore what Man that has but a Nut-shell full of Brains, would run the Hazard of being Curs'd with a bad Wife, when it is ten to one against him, that he never meets with a good one? If she be Chast, she may be a Scold; if she be good-natur'd, she may be a Fool; if she be Witty, she may be a Whore; if she be Pretty, I should be Jealous of her; if she be Ugly, I should hate her; if her Fortune be but small, a Man had better be without her; and if it be great, it's a hundred to one but she'll be as Proud as *Lucifer*, and as Imperious as the C-zar of *Moscovy*. Thus I have weigh'd Matrimony with abundance of Deliberation, and cannot as yet a while make the State of Duplication agree in any measure with my Latitudinarian Constitution; for like a good Husband, I have very savingly consider'd, that I, who am a
won-

wonderful Lover of Variety, can have a hundred pretty Female Dandiprats in one Year, for less Money than it will cost a Man to maintain a Wife in Gloves, Fans, and Topknots, besides the confounded Expence of Pin-money, and fine Petticoats, *Flanders-lac'd* Heads, and Silver-lac'd Shooes, fine Muslin Night-Rails, and soft *Holland* Smocks, Furbulo'd Hoods and Scarfs, Rich Girdles, Silk Stockings, Diamond Rings, Pearl Necklaces, and the Devil and all. What Fool, I say, would be at the Charge of these things to oblige one Woman, when I can have the Choice of five hundred pretty Creatures ready dres'd for half a Crown apiece, that will be industrious to oblige me, and do twenty pretty Tricks to Curry Favour with a Man, which a Wife would be asham'd to do, and her Husband as much asham'd to let her? Therefore who do you think, Uncle, that understands Trap as well as your Nephew, will ever suffer himself to be lock'd into the Matrimonial Bilboes? In short, Uncle, I hate a melancholly sober Life, worse than a Plow-man does lean Porridge, and abominate Wedlock more than a poor Whore does the *Reforming Society*.

As for Gaming, Sir, that you so much exclaim against, I assure you 'tis as great a Pleasure to him that loves it, as Scratching is to a *Scotch* Pedlar troubled with the *Scrubado*; and as for my own part, I must confess I think the Rattling of a Box and Dice, to be as good Musick as you can possibly find in the Lowing of your fat Bullocks, or the Yelping of your Fox-Hounds. Gaming is become the chief Diversion of Quality, insomuch, that there is not one Great Man in ten, but what spends more Time at the Noble Game of Hazard, than he does in the Service of either Queen or Country, and flings away more Money in pursuit of Fortune at the Groom Porters, than in good House-keeping; nay, the very Ladies spend more Time at Cards, than they do at their Prayers, and often toss away the Money at Bank of Volet, which should pay the Exchange-Man and the Mercer. Therefore since all People of Fashion use it, pray, Uncle, give me Leave to behave my self like a Gentleman; besides, Sir, it's a very healthful Exercise, for it stirs all the Humours of the Body, as well as the Faculties of the Mind, much better than a Morn-
ings

ings Hunting, or a solitary Walk after Supper; for it will make a Man Storm and Swear, Fret and Fume, Laugh and be Joyful, Quarrel, Kick and Scramble, and do twenty pretty Tricks that never were done by a Monkey, and seldom leaves a Man in the State of Indifference, but generally either pleas'd or angry: In the next place, Sir, it's an excellent Pastime for a Man to Moralize upon; for nothing can put him more in Mind of the Fickleness of Fortune, or the Uncertainty of the things in this World, than the sudden Changes of the Dice, which if I could but bear without a Grumbling in the Gizzard, I might be so bold as to say I had excell'd *Job* in Patience, and was become as fit a Man to enter into the State of Matrimony as ever forgave his own Cuckold-maker, and made him his Bosom Friend, or as ever suffer'd himself to be made a good Husband by his Wife's Scolding at him.

Swearing, Sir, as contemptibly as you speak of it, is of late become such a fashionable piece of Gallantry, that in Town we can scarce know a Man to be a Gentleman, but by this blustering Qualification. Learning we no more
value

value in a Man, than we do Vertue in a Woman; for every forry Michanick, and Scoundrel Ale-house-keeper, have the Prodigality now-a-days to breed their Sons either Parsons, Lawyers, or Physicians: Therefore we Men of Honour, esteem one another for only such Acquirements as are commendable in a Camp, as Whoring, Drinking, Blustering, Fencing, but more particularly, Swearing; which does not only give a graceful Air to what we speak, but such a Manly Force to our Expressions, that shews us to be Men of Courage, that neither fear any thing in this World, nor Damning in the next.

I would not have you think this laudible Ornament to Speech, is only crept in among Beaus and Courtiers, but also into the City, and is as much practis'd even from the Scarlet Gown, down to the Crop-ear'd Prentice, as amongst Men of Honour and Quality; which makes us fear in a little time it will be so much us'd by Michanicks, that it will be as scandalous for a Gentleman to drop an Oath out of his Mouth, as it would be to drop a Sur--ce into his Breeches, and the former offend the Ears, as much as the latter would the Nostrils.

Nostrils. The very Ladies are grown such Infidels, and Encouragers of this piece of Gentility, that when you talk of Love to 'em, not one Word you say will be cordially believ'd, till you have bound it with as many Oaths and Protestations as would serve a Bully at a whole Evenings Play, or a Drunken Butcher at a Bull-baiting.

But however, dear Sir, after all my unmannerly and frothy Answer to your kind Reproofs, and generous Instructions, I do assure you your just Resentments of my Follies and Extravagance, together with your excellent Reflections and indearing Counsels, have made so deep an Impression upon my Mind and Memory, and have given me so penitential a Sense of my past Error, that with Heaven's Assistance, I have sincerely resolv'd a Reformation for the future; and in order to further strenghten those Vertuous Inclinations, which I must own are kindled in me by the Wisdom and Piety of your convincing Letter, I do design to wait upon you in the Country within a Fortnight, where I question not but to be always happy under your good Directions. Therefore pray, Sir, be not offended at the Loosness of
my

my Drollery, which I used at first only to surprize you, that the subsequent Promises I have made, might yield you the greater Satisfaction.

London, farewell, and all thy vain Delights,

That hurry on our Days, and drown our Nights.

Adieu fair Miss, and all your tempting Airs,
With Freedom now can I disdain your Snares ;

No study'd Smile, or kind inviting Look,
Shall please my Eye, or draw me to your Hook ;

Nor shall the Charms of Beauty, join'd with Wine,

Rob me of Reason that is more Divine.

Truth I'll pursue, and rural Pleasures court ;

Wrong not myself, or do my Neighbour Hurt ;

Atone for all my youthful Follies past ;

And live each Day as not to fear my last ;

Tho' wicked once, the carping World
shall see

A Youth, tho' wild, a happy Man may be,

And shake off vain Delights for true
Felicity.

FINIS